

Program Notes, Texts and Translations

Today's program combines a mature work of J. S. Bach from the eighteenth century with five works by living composers, written between 1993 and 2010.

Cantate Domino

Miškinis

We open with the familiar psalm text, *Cantate Domino* (Sing unto the Lord a new song) in an a cappella setting by the Lithuanian composer, Vytautas Miškinis, from 1997. Miškinis is a distinguished choral conductor and educator as well as an active composer. He has written over 250 works for children's choirs, 100 for adult choirs, and about 150 larger-scale religious works. He has had music performed throughout Europe, and has won many awards.

Miškinis has also served as chief conductor and music director of festivals such as the Lithuanian National Song Festival and the World Lithuanian Song Festival, has written many articles on music, served on juries, and has been a professor at the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theatre since 2002. He is an honorary member of the American Choral Directors Association.

Cantate Domino opens with lively syncopation followed by a tranquil, slow section in which women's voices alternate with men's. The opening material returns in a new key and leads to an exuberant close.

*Cantate Domino canticum novum:
et benedicite nomini ejus:
quia mirabilia fecit.
Psallite Domino in cithara,
et voce psalmi.*

Sing unto the Lord a new song
and bless his name,
for he has done marvelous things.
Rejoice and sing praise with the harp, and the
voice of a psalm.

Niño de Rosas

Sametz

American composer-conductor Steven Sametz has received commissions from many professional choruses, among them Chanticleer, the Dale Warland Singers, Philadelphia Singers, Santa Fe Desert Chorale, and Connecticut Choral Artists. He received the 2011 Raymond W. Bruck Memorial commission from the American Choral Directors Association. Today New Amsterdam Singers presents the New York City premiere of the first part of that commissioned trilogy, *Three Mystical Choruses*. "Niño de Rosas" is a lullaby on a four verse poem by an Ecuadorian poet, Jacinto de Evia. The poet imagines a gypsy girl (*la gitanita*) who begs for money from the infant Jesus, offering to tell his fortune in return. As she foresees his future, she finds her spiritual savior, asking for glory as payment. A mezzo-soprano soloist takes the role of the gypsy girl.

Sametz is professor of music at Lehigh University and director of Lehigh University Choral Arts. He is also artistic director of the Princeton Singers, an *a cappella* ensemble. His compositions have been featured on recordings of Chanticleer and the Princeton Singers. NAS has recently sung Sametz's often-performed *I have had singing*.

*Dame una limosnita
Niño bendito,
Si me das la mano,
Infante divino,*

Give me alms,
blessed child,
If you would give me your hand,
Divine Infant,

*la buenaventura
verás que te digo.*

*Niño de rosas,
dale a la gitanita
paga de glorias.*

*Miro aquí la raya,
que muestra que aunque niño,
verterás tu sangre,
baño a mis delitos.*

*Niño de rosas,
dale a la gitanita
paga de glorias.*

*Serás de tres reyes
rey reconocido,
y a este mismo tiempo
de un rey perseguido.*

*Niño de rosas,
dale a la gitanita
paga de glorias.*

*Miro esotra raya,
¡oh con qué prodigios!
A los treinta y tres,
dejarás la vida,
de amores rendido.*

*Niño de rosas,
dale a la gitanita
paga de glorias.*

*Dame una limosnita,
dale a la gitanita
paga de glorias.
Mi niño de rosas!*

the fortune
you'll see that I'll tell you.

Child of roses,
give this little gypsy girl
glory as payment.

I read here [on your palm] the line
that says: "Though you are only a child, you
will shed your blood
to cleanse my sins."

Child of roses,
give this little gypsy girl
glory as payment.

By three kings you shall be
venerated as a king,
and at the same time
by a king you shall be persecuted.

Child of roses,
give this little gypsy girl
glory as payment.

I see in another line,
Oh, what wonders!
At the age of thirty-three,
you will give up your life,
exhausted by love.

Child of roses,
give this little gypsy girl
glory as payment.

Give me alms,
give this little gypsy girl
glory as payment.
My child of roses!

the little match girl passion

lang

The music of David Lang has been performed by major musical organizations throughout the world, including the Santa Fe Opera, the New York Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony, the Cleveland Orchestra, and the Kronos Quartet. He has also collaborated with such dance and theater organizations as the Royal Ballet and the Nederlander Dans Theater, and is on the faculty of the Yale School of Music. His music is recorded on nearly a dozen labels.

Lang is co-founder and co-artistic director of the experimental collective, Bang on a Can Festival in NYC. He has been honored with countless prizes and awards, culminating with the Pulitzer Prize for music composition in 2008 for *the little match girl passion*, the next work on

today's program.

When asked how he has been affected by the Pulitzer Prize and the commissions and performances engendered by it, Lang said, "The way I'm trying to live my life after the Pulitzer is to take on the most interesting, most enjoyable, and most rewarding projects possible.... My principal goal now is to find those projects that are going to stretch me, that are going to be fun and interesting, that are going to make me work a little harder, and maybe that will take me someplace I couldn't have imagined going before." He also said of the prize, "I'm incredibly happy that someone noticed me and thinks I am worth supporting, but that in no way means that the job of supporting composers is done." [A comment from Lang's father: "Okay, I guess it's alright that you didn't go to medical school."]

the little match girl passion was co-commissioned by the Carnegie Hall Corporation and the Perth Theatre and Concert Hall. The world premiere was given by Theatre of Voices, conducted by Paul Hillier in Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall in 2007. That original version was for solo voices. A choral version of the piece was commissioned by the National Chamber Choir of Ireland and premiered in Dublin in 2008. There have been 100 performances of the piece in fourteen countries. The work calls for "simple percussion", played by the singers: a glockenspiel, tubular bells, crotales, sleighbells, a brake drum, and a bass drum.

David Lang has written the following program note about how he came to write the piece:

I wanted to tell a story. A particular story, in fact: the story of *The Little Match Girl*, by the Danish author Hans Christian Andersen. The original is ostensibly for children, and it has that shocking combination of danger and morality that many famous children's stories do. A poor young girl, whose father beats her, tries unsuccessfully to sell matches on the street, is ignored, and freezes to death. Through it all she somehow retains her Christian purity of spirit, but it is not a pretty story.

What drew me to *The Little Match Girl* is that the strength of the story lies not in its plot but in the fact that all its parts – the horror and the beauty – are constantly infused with their opposites. The girl's bitter present is locked together with the sweetness of her past memories, her poverty is always suffused with her hopefulness. There is a kind of naïve equilibrium between suffering and hope.

There are many ways to tell this story. One could convincingly tell it as a story about faith, or as an allegory about poverty. What has always interested me, however, is that Andersen tells this story as a kind of parable, drawing a religious and moral equivalency between the suffering of the poor girl and the suffering of Jesus. The girl suffers, is scorned by the crowd, dies, and is transfigured. I started wondering what secrets could be unlocked from this story if one took its Christian nature to its conclusion and unfolded it, as Christian composers have traditionally done in music settings of the Passion of Jesus.

The most interesting thing about how the Passion story is told is that it can include texts other than the story itself. These texts are the reactions of the crowd, penitential thoughts, statements of general sorrow or shock or remorse. These are devotional guideposts, the markers for our own responses to the story, and they have the effect of making the audience more than spectators to the sorrowful events

onstage.

In a traditional Passion these responses can have a huge range – in Bach’s *Saint Matthew Passion* these extra texts range from famous chorales that his congregation was expected to sing along with, to completely invented characters, such as the ‘Daughter of Zion’ and the ‘Chorus of Believers.’ The Passion format – the telling of a story while simultaneously commenting upon it – has the effect of placing us in the middle of the action, and it gives the narrative a powerful inevitability.

My piece is called *the little match girl passion* and it sets Hans Christian Andersen’s story *The Little Match Girl* in the format of *Bach’s Saint Matthew Passion*, interspersing Andersen’s narrative with my versions of texts of the crowd and character responses in the Bach. The libretto is by me, after texts by HC Andersen, HP Paull (the first translator of the story into English, in 1872), Picander (the nom de plume of Christian Friedrich Henrici, the librettist of the Bach), and the Gospel according to Saint Matthew.

The word ‘passion’ comes from the Latin word for suffering. There is no Bach in my piece and there is no Jesus, rather the suffering of the Little Match Girl has been substituted for Jesus’, (I hope) elevating her sorrow to a higher plane.

For those familiar with Bach’s *Saint Matthew Passion*, it will be interesting to remember the Bach movements that furnished David Lang with texts for his odd-numbered movements. Thus, the first is Bach’s massive 12/8 opening for double chorus, “Kommt, ihr Töchter, helf mir Klagen.” No. 3 is the chorale, “Herzliebster Jesu.” No. 5 is the alto solo, “Buss und Reu.” No. 7 is the tenor aria, “Geduld.” No. 9 is the alto aria, “Erbarme doch.” No. 11 is the Evangelist’s words and Jesus’ cry, “Eli, Eli.” No. 13 is the passion choral, “Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden.” No. 15 is from Bach’s final movement, “Wir setzen uns mit tränen nieder.” The even-numbered movements tell the Andersen story.

Lang’s musical style has been described as “post-minimalist.” Critic and Pulitzer Juror Tim Page says the work is “unlike any music I know.” The early parts of this passion are spare and simple, with much repetition. Later movements become rhythmically complex, and the text is often sung complete in one voice, but fragmented in others. There is deliberate blurring, over-running of rhythm, with voices competing to express themselves, each in his own time. No. 13 is remarkable for a hidden canon between four of the voices. The final movement is again spare and simple, with a legato tenor line heard mid-way through, contrasting with the pointilism of the other voices. Various bells are heard in a luminous conclusion. The piece is about 35 minutes long.

1. Come, daughter

Come, daughter
Help me, daughter
Help me cry
Look, daughter
Where, daughter

What, daughter

*Who, daughter
Why, daughter
Guiltless daughter
Patient daughter
Gone*

2. It was terribly cold

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold.

*So the little girl went on.
So the little girl went on.*

3. Dearest heart

*Dearest heart
Dearest heart
What did you do that was so wrong?
What was so wrong?*

*Dearest heart
Dearest heart
Why is your sentence so hard?*

4. In an old apron

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not.

5. Penance and remorse

*Penance and remorse
Tear my sinful heart in two
My teardrops
May they fall like rain down upon your
poor face
May they fall down like rain
My teardrops
Here daughter, here I am*

*I should be bound as you were bound
All that I deserve is
What you have endured
Penance and remorse.
Tear my sinful heart in two
My penance
My remorse
My penance*

6. Lights were shining

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New-year's eve – yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

7. Patience, patience!

*Patience.
Patience!*

8. Ah! Perhaps

Ah! Perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out – “scratch!” how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! The flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

9. Have mercy, my God

*Have mercy, my God.
Look here, my God.
See my tears fall. See my tears fall.
Have mercy, my God. Have mercy.*

*My eyes are crying.
My heart is crying, my God.
See my tears fall.
See my tears fall my God.*

10. She lighted another match

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

11. From the sixth hour

From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour she cried out:

Eli, Eli.

12. She again rubbed a match

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree." And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed in a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

13. When it is time for me to go

*When it is time for me to go
Don't go from me
When it is time for me to leave
Don't leave me*

*When it is time for me to die
Stay with me
When I am most scared
Stay with me*

14. In the dawn of morning

In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the year; and the New-year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New-year's day.

15. We sit and cry

*We sit and cry
And call to you*

*Rest soft, daughter, rest soft
Where is your grave, daughter?*

*Where is your tomb?
Where is your resting place?
Rest soft, daughter, rest soft*

*Rest soft
Rest soft
Rest soft
Rest soft
You closed your eyes.
I closed my eyes.
Rest soft*

Dormi, Jesu

Betinis

Following intermission we sing of the third “child in winter”, Jesus himself. Abbie Betinis wrote *Dormi, Jesu*, a lullaby on an anonymous text, in 2001. She writes that it was composed in response to “experiencing the thrill of singing in some glorious European cathedrals with the Saint Olaf Choir.” Both Bruckner and Messaien were on the college tour program, and she cites their motets as inspiration. A 2009 McKnight Fellow, Betinis studied at the University of Minnesota and in Paris. She has written music in a variety of genres, but her greatest passion is for the human voice. Included in her catalogue of more than 40 works for voice are commissioned works for the Dale Warland Singers, the Rose Ensemble, the Minnesota Choral Artists, and most recently for the Cantata Singers in Boston. This is the fourth season that NAS has programmed works of this young, fast-rising composer.

*Dormi, Jesu. Mater ridet
Quae tam dulcem somnum videt.
Dormi, Jesu, blandule.
Si non dormis, mater plorat.
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.*

Sleep, Jesus. Your mother smiles
when she sees such gentle slumber.
Sleep, Jesus, gently.
If you do not sleep, your mother weeps.
And, weaving, sings her prayer:
“Come, gentle sleep.”

O Magnum Mysterium

Lauridsen

Morten Lauridsen has achieved a remarkable position in the choral world; it can be summed up by the fact that he has now overtaken Randall Thompson as America’s most frequently-performed choral composer. Several of his individual works are the all-time best-selling choral octavos published by Theodore Presser. His music is recorded on more than 100 compact discs, and sung all over the world.

Born in Washington State and raised in Portland, Oregon in a family that had emigrated from Denmark, Lauridsen divides his time between California and a remote island off the coast of Washington. He has been professor of composition at the University of Southern California Thornton School of Music for more than 30 years. There he begins each of his lectures by reading a poem. From 1994 to 2001 he was composer-in-residence with the Los Angeles Master Chorale. He was named American Choral Master by the National Endowment for the Arts in 2006, and was given the National Medal of the Arts at a White House ceremony in 2007.

Lauridsen’s choral cycles such as *Mid-Winter Songs*, which NAS sang in March 2011, used complex harmonies with abundant dissonance. *O Magnum Mysterium*, a later work, is quite different. For this text, a famous Responsory for Matins on Christmas Day, Lauridsen writes that

he chose to create “a deeply felt religious statement, at once uncomplicated and unadorned yet powerful and transformative in its effect upon a listener. I also wanted to convey a sense of the text’s long history and theological importance by referencing the constant purity of sacred music found in High Renaissance polyphony, especially in works by Josquin des Prez and Palestrina.” The simple beauty that Lauridsen created has made this work hugely popular, with thousands of performances through the world since its premiere in 1994. Musical features to note are the use of inverted chords, which give the music a suspended feel, phrases similar to Gregorian chant, and the use of a single dissonance on the word “virgo,” which Lauridsen calls the most important note in the piece, denoting Mary’s suffering at the death of her son.

*O magnum mysterium,
et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum
natum, jacentum in praesepeio!
Beata Virgo, cujus viscera
meruerunt portare
Dominum Christum. Alleluia!*

O great mystery,
and wondrous sacrament,
that animals should see the new-born
Lord, lying in their manger!
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb
was worthy to bear the
Lord Jesus Christ. Alleluia!

Jesu, meine Freude

Bach

For Johann Sebastian Bach, 1723 was a big year – the year of his appointment to the most important job of his career, a position that combined the cantorship of the Thomaskirche and the civic directorship of music for the city of Leipzig. Bach remained in Leipzig for the rest of his life, from 1723 to 1750, composing at a prodigious rate even as he handled the administration of the church choir school and prepared for weekly and special services. The post at the Thomaskirche had a special advantage to Bach: the school choir tradition was very strong, and because in those days boys’ voices did not break until they were 17 or 18, the choir included some extremely experienced boy singers. Perhaps their musical prowess explains why Bach wrote for the voice as if it were a stringed instrument, capitalizing on its expressive potential while ignoring its more prosaic requirements, such as the occasional pause for breath.

Today’s program concludes with a work Bach wrote during his time in Leipzig, the motet *Jesu, meine Freude*. The word “motet” has been used to describe various kinds of music since it was coined from the French “mot,” meaning “word,” 800 years ago, but by Bach’s time it described a sacred choral work with optional instrumental accompaniment. Bach’s church did not require him to write motets since there was a collection of them already in use; on certain special occasions, however, a new motet would be requested, and Bach would be asked to write it. It was once thought that Bach wrote his longest motet, *Jesu, meine Freude*, for the memorial service of the wife of the postmaster in 1723, but more recent scholarship posits that it could have been written later, in any case before 1735.

Although it can be called a funeral motet, the emphasis here is not on sorrow, but on confidence and faith. The motet is based on the chorale tune of the same name by Johann Crüger (1653) and on Johann Franck’s text for it. Bach chose to alternate verses of the chorale with passages from the eighth chapter of St. Paul’s Epistle to the Romans. The text has a built-in

alternation of style: the six chorale passages are ardent, intimate expressions of simple faith, while the passages from Romans provide more complex theological commentary.

The symmetrical alternations in the text are echoed by unusual symmetry in the arrangement of the eleven movements (see figure). The work is a kind of palindrome, framed by identical four-voice settings of the chorale tune at the beginning and end. The second and next-to-last movements have different words, but are in all ways parallel to each other. They include rich counterpoint in a hidden fugue, and long, winding passages of the word “wandeln”, to walk or wander. The third and ninth movements are based on the chorale, one a five-voice harmonization, the other a more independent movement in which the chorale provides a recurring cantus firmus. The fourth and eighth movements are trios, one for high voices, the other for low voices. The fifth movement is the most elaborate use of the chorale melody, and it is here that the melody is hardest to recognize. It is balanced by the seventh movement, a highly ornamented but less disguised setting of the tune. The central movement at the heart of the motet is an extended fugue on the text “But you are not of the flesh, but of the spirit.” There are 209 bars of music before the central fugue, and 208 bars following it. The fugue theme enters ten times. (Bach often used ten fugue entries to refer to the Ten Commandments.)

Bach was as interested in word painting as he was in numbers. The word “Geist” (spirit) receives an elaborate melisma in running 16th notes in three of the movements; the word “Abgrund” (abyss) is set to an octave leap in the basses down to a low F-sharp; “Nichts” (nothing) and “Verstummen” (silence) are followed by long rests. Some of the word painting is more subtle. “Hat mich frei gemacht” (has made me free) is set to a four-beat phrase in 3/4 time (implying “freedom” from the bar line); and the movement “Gute Nacht, o Wesen” (Good night, O existence) omits the bass voices entirely, the basses symbolizing our earth-bound nature.

I

*Jesu, meine Freude
Meines herzens Weide,
Jesu meine Zier,
Ach, wie lang, ach lange
Ist dem Herzen bange,
Und verlangt nach dir!
Gottes Lamm, mein Bräutigam,
Ausser dir soll mir auf Erden
Nichts liebers werde*

Jesus, my joy,
My heart's pasture,
Jesus, my jewel,
Oh, how long, how long
Has my heart been fearful
And has longed for you!
Lamb of God, my bridegroom,
Besides you shall nothing on Earth
Be dearer to me.

II

*Es ist nun nichts, nichts,
nichts Verdammliches an denen,
die in Christo Jesu sind,
die nicht nach dem Fleische wandeln,
sondern nach dem Geist.*

Now there is nothing,
nothing condemnable about those
who are in Christ Jesus,
who walk not according to the flesh
but according to the spirit.

III

*Unter deinem Schirmen
Bin ich vor den Stürmen*

Under your protection
I am free from the storms

*Aller Feinde frei.
Lass den Satan wittern,
Lass dem Feind erbittern,
mir steht Jesus bei!
Ob es itzt gleich kracht und blitzt,
Ob gleich Sünd und Hölle schrecken;
Jesus will mich decken.*

IV

*Denn das Gesetz des Geistes,
der da lebendig machet in Christo Jesu,
hat mich frei gemacht von den Gesetz
der Sünde und des Todes*

V

*Trotz, trotz dem alten Drachen
Trotz, trotz des Todes Rachen
Trotz der Furcht darzu!
Tobe Welt, und springe;
Ich steh hier und singe
in gar sich'rer Ruh!
Gottes Macht hält mir in acht;
Erd und Abgrund muss verstummen,
Ob sie noch so brummen.*

VI

*Ihr aber seid nicht fleischlich,
sondern geistlich.
So anders Gottes Geist in euch wohnt.
Aber wer Christi Geist nicht hat
der ist nicht sein.*

VII

*Weg mit allen Schätzen
Du bist mein Ergötzen,
Jesu meine Lust!
Weg, ihr eitlen Ehren,
Ich mag euch nicht hören,
Bleibt mir unbewusst!
Elend, Not, Kreuz, Schmach und Tod
Soll mich, ob es viel muss leiden,
Nicht von Jesu scheiden.*

VIII

*So aber Christus, in euch ist,
So ist der Leib zwar tot
Um der Sünde willen;*

Of every enemy.
Let Satan bluster,
let the enemy grow bitter;
Jesus stands by me!
Even if now thunder and lightning rage,
even if sin and hell terrify,
Jesus will shelter me.

For the law of the spirit
that gives life in Christ Jesus
has set me free from the law
of sin and death.

Despite the old dragon,
Despite the jaws of death,
Despite fear as well,
Rage, world, and burst asunder;
I stand here and sing
In fully secure repose.
God's power keeps me safe;
Earth and abyss must fall silent,
Even if they would growl.

However, you are not of the flesh,
But rather of the spirit,
So long as the spirit of God dwells in you. But
whosoever does not have the spirit of Christ,
that person is not His.

Away with all treasures,
you are my pleasure,
Jesus, my delight!
Away, you vain honors,
I don't want to hear you;
Remain unknown to me!
Misery, hardship, affliction, shame and
death, shall, though I must suffer greatly,
Not separate me from Jesus.

But if Christ is in you,
even if the body is dead
because of sin;

*der Geist aber ist das Leben
um der Gerechtigkeit willen.*

IX

*Gute Nacht, o Wesen,
Das die Welt erlesen,
Gute Nacht, o Wesen,
Mir gefällst du nicht!
Gute nacht ihr Sünden,
Bleibet weit dahinten,
Kommt nicht mehr ans Licht!
Gute Nacht du Stolz und Pracht!
Dir sei ganz, du Lasterleben
Gute Nacht, gute Nacht gegeben.*

X

*So nun der Geist, des, der Jesum von den
Toten auferwecket hat, in euch wohnt, so
wird auch derselbige der Christum von den
Toten auferwecket hat, eure sterbliche Leiber
lebendig machen, um des willen, dass sein
Geist wohnt.*

XI

*Weicht, ihr Trauergeister,
denn mein Freudenmeister,
Jesus, tritt herein.
Denen, die Gott lieben,
muss auch ihr Betreuben
Lauter Wonne sein.
Duld ich schon hier Spott und Hohn,
Dennoch bleibst du auch im Leide,
Jesu, meine Freude.*

the spirit nevertheless is life,
because of righteousness.

Good night, O existence,
That has chosen the world,
Good night, O existence,
You do not please me!
Good night, you sins,
Stay far behind;
Come no more into the light!
Good night, you pride and pomp!
Finally, you life of vice,
Good night, good night I bid you.

So now, if the spirit of he
who awoke Jesus from the dead,
dwells in you, then he himself,
who awoke Christ from the dead,
gives your mortal bodies life,
because his spirit lives in you.

Begone, you spirits of sorrow,
For the master of my joys,
Jesus, enters in.
For those who love God,
Even their afflictions
Must be pure bliss.
Though here I endure mockery and
scorn, Still, even in suffering, you
remain, Jesus, my joy.

